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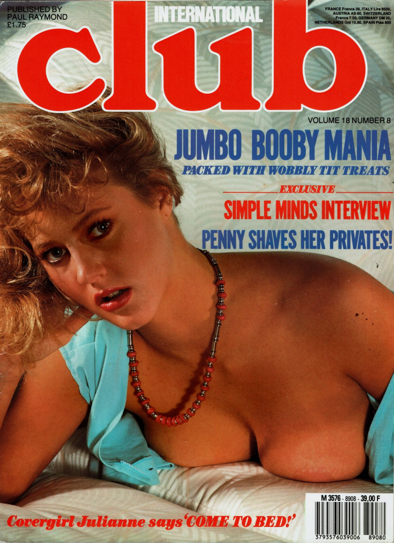

JUMBO BOOBY MANIA

PACKED WITH WOBBLY TIT TREATS

EXCLUSIVE

SIMPLE MINDS INTERVIEW

PENNY SHAVES HER PRIVATES!

Covergirl Julianne says 'COME TO BED!'

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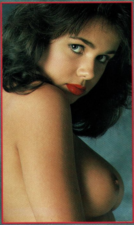
RACHEL

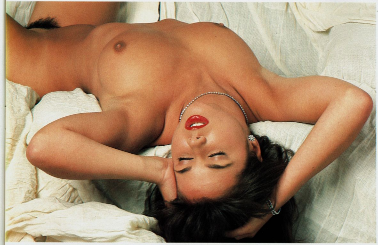
don't go out with many men at home, but I don't want to rush things. Lying here on the beach, it crossed my mind that I ought to get to know my own body first before I tackle anyone else's or

they get their hands on me. This has been a great opportunity to, well, let's just say . . . experiment!'' reveals Rachel, while absent-mindedly twiddling her right nipple through her cotton shirt. ''Now I might even respond to one of those ads, you know the ones: 'Bright young lady needed to accompany intrepid explorer on desert island dream'. After all, you never know what might happen.'' ♣

BERENICE OUTRAM



Photographs by Peter Flodquist



When interviewing even the most lustworthy models, we are trusted to suppress our animal desires and be the very essence of politeness. But when faced with 18-year-old Berenice's incredible boobs and flawless bum, it was all we could do to hold back a

huge 'Fwooaar'. ''Stop it, you lot, I'm getting embarrassed!'' giggles our shy teenager. Berenice blames her bouncy but shapely body on a devotion to sports during her college years. ''It wasn't the kind of games that you're thinking of either. I've wanted to be a professional model for as long as I can remember so I took up swimming and field sports to keep myself in shape,'' explains Berenice. ''I also work out in the gym to make myself supple. You wouldn't believe the kind of positions you have to get into in this profession.'' No, but we can imagine! ♣

legs. My friend said she was really envious. I didn't realise it was so fascinating, but I always seem to get the most attention from guys when we go out on the town. The problem is I come over all coy and they think I'm not interested. That's why I've agreed to do some photographs so I'll come out of my shell and be able to chat up the guys!" ♣

JULIANNE

Photographs by Roy Brewington

When Julianne appeared in Vol 18 No 4 she was eager to tell us of her ability to seduce any man she wants. Some things, it seems, never change.

"I was invited to a dinner party at a friend's house recently, and when I sat down I realised there were two men at the table who I really fancied. Luckily I was sitting opposite one of them and right next to the other," remembers our

smooth talking beauty, running a delicately manicured hand up the inside of her thighs, coming to rest on her pouting pussy. "I knew I needed both of them so throughout the meal I excited them: one with my stockinged foot and the one next to me with my hand. It wasn't easy, especially as I

had to eat *and* keep up the conversation at the same time! After the meal I knew they would both make straight for me so I introduced them to each other and while they were

busy chatting I sneaked off to the toilet to take off my damp panties and ease the itching in my pussy. Needless to say, by the time I returned my two guys had discovered my double doings! Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you all, but I'd had enough games for one evening and nipped off home without them. Do you think I'm a bit of a tease?''

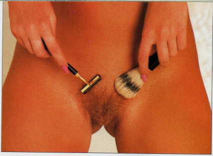
No, just a spoilsport. ♣

JULIANNE
club

PENNY

Photographs by Tim Scott

"The thing about shaving," says Penny absent-mindedly as she runs her fingers over her smooth pubes, "is that it makes you feel sexy all day long, no matter what you're doing. For instance, I could be sitting at my desk at work, typing away, and I rub my thighs together by accident which reminds me my pussy's bare. Right away I'm horny. I usually start getting wet and there aren't any hairs to soak it up. So if I don't nip off to the loo pretty quick, there'll be a sticky patch of juices on the chair. I've done that before, and the guys



in the office always notice.

"Even if I do nip off to the loo in time, being alone with a bare pussy only makes you feel more horny! So I always have to wank.

"Then if I do manage to concentrate on my work for a while, my mind always drifts back to this picture I have of me wanking my bare little pussy in the loo. Then the whole thing starts again . . . it really does cause problems, shaving your pussy.

"But it's worth it!"♣

PORN Princess

ANGELA BARON

To be a porn queen in the US hardcore scene means you're B-I-G – and they don't come much bigger than the sensational Angela Baron, one of the most successful x-rated stars of the past couple of years. There was *no way* we were going to miss having this buxom fraulein in the pages of Club.

Angela was a successful glamour model in her native Germany until a couple of years back she was introduced to adult films while working in the States. "The people were nice," she told us, "and the business appealed a lot, for obvious reasons . . . I always liked sex and now I like it even more!" This she certainly proves in her many films, such as *Robofox*, *The Bitch*, *Made In Germany* and *Good Enough To Eat*. She certainly is.

So what are Angela's preferences? "Oh," she confesses, stretching that stunning 38DD-24-36 body, "I'm easy. I like men, I like women – I just love sex, in whatever form. I can't get enough of it, on screen or off. I like to make it worth people's while to go to bed with me." Another example of German engineering that rides as good as it looks!♣

Photographs by Barry Vincent

THE BITCH IS BACK

LOUISE

We sometimes reserve this spot in Club for our *dirty* girls. They're the ones who have that look in their eyes which says they'll do things in bed you never even thought of. But do those looks lie? "Not at all," grins Louise. "I was one of those girls who

Photographs by Geoff Riley

people used to gossip about in college. They used to make up loads of filthy stories about what I did at parties and stuff, sucking off two blokes at once, things like that. I didn't care. What they didn't know was, I'd done much

naughtier things than they could imagine!" So Louise, who's 19 and comes from Derby, was very keen to show those gossips what she's really made of on camera. "Getting in the right mood was easy. I just thought of all the filthiest things I've done, ran my hands down my body and started playing with myself!"♣

TEASE!

THIS·MONTH·IN·CLUB

It's really getting a bit much round here. The writers have gone on a block booked package tour to St Tropez (they're claiming it on expenses as "Research"). The photographers have all pissed off to Bangkok (it's down on their forms as "Crumpet"). Dominant Dowse is at her summer retreat, a small witches' coven in central Leeds, where she joins in hearty group activities like torturing cats and playing records by The Fall to senior citizens. That git Swift has gone to Newcastle to see his Mum, who apparently makes the best chip butties east of the Pennines. Even the secretary's gone to Ibiza. She said she'd probably stay in the same prison cell as last time (seven days for assaulting a policeman).

So here's yours truly, answering all the phones, writing the jokes, designing the pages, snapping the girls, and having to drink the entire Club alcohol consignment all by myself.

Still, it's a relief to have nobody around in a way. All week, nobody's said, "What a lovely sunny day" or "Quite chilly for this time of year". When I come in rancidly hungover, suitcases under my eyes and breath like wombat turds, nobody says, "Had a few drinks last night, did we?" If I can't get the computer to work, nobody says, "God, you mean you *still* can't get the layout scanning induction spreadsheet control moused?" (Christ, I don't understand it either.)

It really is incredible how people you work with feel quite happy to make braindead, insultingly stupid remarks to you every day of the week, and feel surprised when you push a filing cabinet over on their heads.

In short, being here on my Jack Jones has helped me appreciate a great truth in life: other people are hell. They suck. Apart, that is, from one particular strand in the human race, who suck in a much nicer way. Our girls.

Had a cup of tea with our Andrea Clarke the other day, as it happens. Told her how lovely the black undies set in this month's issue is looking, and she told me how she still liked her nurse outfit best of all. She's a gorgeous girl, even if she does always hand in her column late. Thought I might as well try my luck – I am the bleeding Editor, after all, or that's what it says here – and asked her out to see a flick (double bill actually: *The Wild Women of Wongo* and *The Tits That Ate Brooklyn*) followed by a quick tour of my tonsils and a nibble of my portions at my Battersea pied à terre. And what did lovely Andrea say to my suggestion?

"Sorry, I'm off to Greece on my holidays. Maybe next year."

Roll on winter. – *The Editor*. ♣

Julianne: her cups overfloweth

Berenice: a physical education

Rachel goes beach-balling

Louise shows a clean pair of heels

Monica: sheer cheek

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Inside every Club reader there's a porn movie star waiting to get out, it seems. We were deluged with requests to see our x-rated beauty Barbara Dare and her thigh boots again, and her fans include Bruce of Farnham, Debbie and Gill of Bayswater, Dave and the lads from Cranley, and Matt of Gosport who would "think it was his birthday" if she appeared again. Happy birthday, mate! ♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Donna Give Up!

I have just bought your magazine for the first time, and only just realised what I have been missing – unless I just struck lucky with Vol 18 No 4! Not only are your girls beautiful, but the poses and dress (or undress) are enough to stiffen any cock to bursting-point.

I certainly couldn't stop mine from bursting at the sight of Julia showing off her tits in that wonderful lacy lingerie, or at the delightful spectacle of Debbie's very pink pussy, which looks as if she's been rubbing it a bit. And then there's Polly's magnificent bosom; that was *made* for cock-squeezing.

But most of all I must mention the letter to Donna in *In The Bag* – I bitterly regret not having bought Club before, as I have obviously missed this sensational beauty. She has the most exciting pussy-mound I can imagine, so soft and cock-inviting, and I can only describe her sexy expression by saying I felt she was wanking me with her eyes, and she succeeded in stimulating floods of spunk from my over-worked cock.

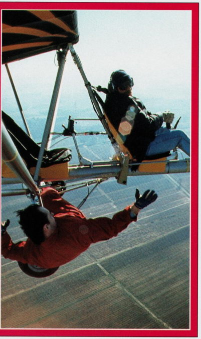
I guarantee I'll be a regular reader of Club from now on, but please fulfil my lust to see the fantastic Donna again, flaunting that springy, juicy cunt. Please . . . – *Derek, Huddersfield*

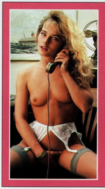
We'll have to see if the Ed has let her out of his office!

TODAY EXHIBITION OF HANG GLIDING

NUTTER'S CORNER

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's yet another incredibly stupid Frenchman performing yet another incredibly stupid trick. On this particular occasion daredevil Jean-Pierre Mercier, first man to perform a headstand on a hot-air balloon, tries out the "hanging out of a paper aeroplane by your feet" trick. Very clever, but what about us more easy-going chaps who get our thrills from stamp collecting, walking unsuspectingly beneath this madman? There you are arriving home from a shopping trip in to town: "Hello, dear. Did you get the bread, dear? And who's that funny looking French fellow entrenched in the back of your skull?"♣





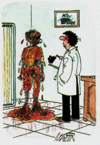
Dear Fiona,

I must write to congratulate you on your photographs in Vol 18 No 4.

Your lovely blonde hair cascading over your shoulders, your very kissable lips, your beautiful breasts and pert nipples, slender waist and adorable vagina – all have kept me fantasizing for weeks.

The variety of lacy lingerie you wear also helps convey your sophisticated sensuality. I only wish you could visit me – I'm sure I would not disappoint you! – *Alister, Scotland*

So you like a sophisticated woman, do you Alister? Do you know just what I'd like to do to you? I'd like to see you standing there in front of me with a huge hard-on while I'm rubbing my pussy through some of that pure silk lingerie. Can you see the wet patch that's forming on the crotch as I get more and more excited? Then I'd like to wank you with the undies, covering your cock with the silk and pulling it back and forward until you shoot your spunk into my knickers. Very sophisticated! – Fiona



I'll be frank, Mr. McQueen. That's the worst case of skin rash I've ever seen!

Covergirl Cutie

Club is a great mag but what happened to the deliciously sizzling Christine, the girl on the front of Vol 18 No 4? I was very much aggrieved at not having an entire photo spread devoted to this dreamy-eyed covergirl cutie, and I hope sincerely that we can all see this magnificent form of womanhood in future issues.

Yours (at least while the likes of Rosanna (Vol 17 No 10) continue to appear, along with Stefanie and Dawn of the same issue, and, of course, Julia Parton). – *DMC, Woking*

We'll see, we'll see!

Polly Puts It On

Having been excited almost to the point of ejaculation by the usual array of beauties in Club (Vol 18 No 4), I was rocketed into instant orgasm by the incredible, sizzling Polly in the last pages of the magazine. This girl at least deserves a centrespread. Even though I couldn't help shooting my load at the mere sight of Polly fondling her peachy, wobbly boobs, my cock stayed hard when I started feasting my eyes on the rest of the pictures.

Seeing her spilling out of that wonderful white dress, wearing those white satin gloves, is the horniest thing ever for a fantasy – I can just imagine her stroking my cock with those shiny gloves. In every picture she seems to be inviting me to touch her sensitive body, to explore every fold of her tender, silky skin, and finally to fill her pussy with my prick, which would soon be followed by a gush of hot come.

Polly certainly knows how to display her charms; the shots of her lifting her dress over her matchless bottom, and the one where she's holding her tits over the chair and licking them, are worth a king's ransom themselves. But what brought up my second load of jizz within about ten minutes (something which nobody but Polly has enabled me to achieve!) was the luscious sight of her breasts resting on the white folds of her dress, while she, with her finger in her mouth, demanded cock insatiably.

Truly, Polly is the most fantastic girl ever to star in Club. You *must* show her again – at the very least, let's have another shot of her squeezing her tits with those sexy white gloves. – *Eric, Manchester*

Top Ten Corner

1. Jayne Irving – TV presenter
2. Cheryl Baker – TV presenter/singer
3. Fiona Fullerton – actress
4. Kim Basinger – actress
5. Gee Armytage – jockey
6. Linda Lusardi – Page 3 girl
7. Judy Finnigan – TV presenter
8. Jilly Johnson – Page 3 girl
9. Stephanie Lawrence – singer
10. Julia Somerville – newsreader

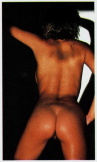
Paul, Scunthorpe

Arse And Ye Shall Receive

I've never stopped wanking since I saw that fantastic picture of Debbie (Vol 18 No 4) which looks straight up her behind, and shows her looking around for approval. She's certainly got mine – and I'd love to see more pictures like this in your magazine.

When I showed it to my wife she had to agree that Debbie's assets are wonderful, particularly that pretty, pouting bum! I told her exactly what I'd like to do to Debbie if I ever got the chance: I'd fuck her doggy-style over and over again, rubbing her gorgeous pubes with my hand. Then, when her fanny was full of my spunk, I'd bring her off by gently teasing her arse with my wet fingers.

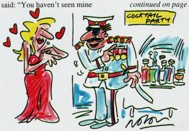
My wife thought about this for a moment, then suddenly said: "You haven't seen mine for a while, have you?" She pulled down her jeans and knickers in one go, got on all fours and stuck her bum high in the air. We had a really great night – but that's another story!



Anyway, thanks a million, Club. One girl I'd give anything to see in this pose is Andrea – she's so sexy that I'm sure she'd be willing. After all, a girl's arse can look terrific if it's photographed properly. Don't you agree? – *C McK, London*

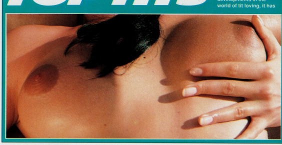
We certainly do – and you can bet we'll be showing a lot more of those lovely rear views in future!

continued on page 24



And I got these stars for working in the Mcdonalds in Buenos Aires

TOP TITS



Not being one to miss out on any new developments in the world of tit loving, it has come to my attention that a new and exciting sex sport has swept the nation: *Breast Surfing*! The secret is in the squeeze, for as you are about to poke your woman's pussy with your pork, you squeeze her tits against you, trapping a large bubble of air between your chests. For a moment you are weightless and free, riding the air like a human hover-craft. Absolutely breath-taking and certainly not a pastime for the faint-hearted amongst you. In my experience large wobbly boobs and a hot and sweaty room make for the perfect surf. – *Gary Garbonza* ♣

GOBBLE!

It's all going down down Mexico Way as wobbling wayfarer ***Nathaniel Fatbastard*** *samples the chilli. And most of it's coming back up again too.*

I lay back feeling the caress of her tender young thighs pushing into mine, a pert breast hanging just a few tempting millimetres from my mouth.

"Can I blow it for you now, sir?"

There's no doubt that having a short-back-and-sides is a fuck sight better since Georgio the Barber's turned into *Short 'n' Curlies Hair Processing Centre* (85, Conditioner Street, Lewisham). Instead of some greasy Italian's dirty jokes and halitosis, lissom limbed lovelies in bra-free t-shirts fondle your follicles whilst you lie back and admire their split ends encased in all that skin-tight denim. OK, so most of them have brains made of hair gel, but then Georgio's philosophical insight never extended much beyond a winner in the 2.30.

Shaz, the teenager who hand-crafts my barnet, has just two conversational gambits: "Do you have conditioner?" and "Are you going away on holiday?" My reply to the latter was drowned out by a hair drier that could blow and wave the Amazon rain forest.

"We're going to the Patagonian Cold Desert this year," she insisted on telling me. "My Jason says it's totally unspoilt and the beach is brill!"

Why is it that these brainless bimbos with scrunch-dried intellects always go on such exotic holidays? Whether it's on a beach in the Bahamas or a building site in Balham, sand is sand the world over – fucking useless yellow stuff waiting to be made into something sensible like cement. However, it really made me think: if a conversationally subnormal cot death survivor like Shaz can sod off across the world, I'd better.

So I popped into my local bucket shop, *Possible Travel* (737, Economy Class Street, Lower Dulwich) to see what they had. I was in luck. Two days in Acapulco for £299, so long as I didn't mind sharing the plane with a SAGA See-the-World-Before-You-Snuff-It Tour with an obese Pekinese on my lap.

After 12 hours crushed in a Vanguard reeking of lavender talc and Peke piss, we boarded the Highlion hotel chain courtesy bus for the *Highlion San Itary Hotel*. It had all the ambience of a Mexican roadmender's boxers, and I had the Crotch Suite. My toilet looked out over Acapulco Bay, but unfortunately it didn't have a window.

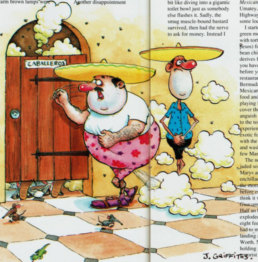
Nonetheless, here I was – Acapulco, playground of the rich and fatuous. After clambering into my Bermuda shorts, from the trendy *Slob at C&A*, and a Hawaiian shirt that looked like the Dulux dog had eaten the complete range and thrown up on it, I headed for the beach.

The beach was whiter than Worthing's, and here the warm brown lumps were bodies, not donkey turds. They were all from Florida, but after trying my sophisticated patter on a few of Miami's mammaries, I realised they weren't like the shit on Worthing beach after all – they were thicker.

Another disappointment was the hand-written hotel sign promising live muff diving – it was cliff diving. Here some foolhardy foreign job-shirker jumps off a 300 foot parapet into the rocky water below, which comes and goes with the tide. It's a bit like diving into a gigantic toilet bowl just as somebody else flushes it. Sadly, the smug muscle-bound bastard survived, then had the nerve to ask for money. Instead I spent mine on local produce, knowing that in the long term this would do more to help the country's economy than the odd individual hand-out. A bottle and a half of Tequila later, I samba-ed to the *El Flatulente Restaurante del Mexicana* (Hacienda Umatey, 2654, Hershey Highway, Acapulco) for some local food.

I started with a wobbling green mountain of avocado with tortilla chips, (2,000,000 pesos) followed by the three-bean chilli. The dish's name derives from rumours that if you haven't been three times before you leave the restaurant, you'll burst your Bermudas. Here was the true Mexican atmosphere! Good food and a Mexican band playing loudly enough to cover the farting and cries of anguish as customers rushed to the toilet. Of course, being experienced in all sorts of exotic food, I survived – even with the extra chilli sauce – and washed it all down with a few Margueritas.

The next day I felt rather jaded so, after a few Bloody Marys and a breakfast of enchilladas and beans, I spent the morning on the beach before catching my plane. I think it was the *Air Guacamole* coffee that did it. Half an hour into the flight, I exploded, blowing away eight feet of fuselage, and we had to make an emergency landing at Dallas/Fort Worth. Now the bastards are holding me as a suspected terrorist . . . ♣



TAPED!

Our very own video voyeur ***Allan*** *"Bullseye"* ***Bryce*** *digs out the gags for the latest porn screen releases. Sounds a bit kinky to us, but luckily we managed to see the fanny side . . .*

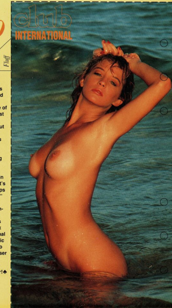
Before we get into this month's round-up of video raunch I'd just like to take time out to reply to a reader's letter. Mr Tarbuck of Liverpool wants to know where I get my jokes from, because he could do with a few new ones himself. Let me recommend *The Best Of Ted Rogers*, available from all good bookshops priced £5.95 – two pages of sheer brilliance.

But enough of this tomfoolery. We're here to ruthlessly dissect the very latest in pulsating video porn! And what better place to start than with **Insatiable II**, a movie that's hotter than the Ed's car and has a lot more poke to it. Yes, the last time I saw so much non-stop heavy bonking was when I was late with my column and Dominant Dowse smacked me over the head with her Godzilla-sized dildo!

The film in question stars the infamous Marilyn Chambers as actress/model Sandra Chase, a girl who can speak 18 languages and can't say no in any of them. Sandra is a real goer – in fact, she swings more than *Gary Glitter's 100 Party Hits Volume 10*. You name it and she's got into it: spanking, bondage, three men at a time, three women at a time, three men and three women at a time . . . She even has three

filo sex

Your private collection of Club, bulging at the bindings with taut bum flesh and mind-boggling boobs, isn't the most portable of things but we know just how hard it is to get through the day without it. But don't despair, part two of Filosex has the perfect answer to keep your pecker up during the most boring of board meetings. Filosex has already taken off in a big way in the House of Lords: "It's the only thing that stops us from falling asleep," commented one top ranker. And in the high-risk world of the stock market certain brokers are banking on Filosex to cause a huge national rise. So just slip this pic of two leggy ladies into your loose-leaf organiser and ogle the kind of figures that you *won't* find on your calculator! ♣



TAPED!

Shredded Wheat for breakfast. What a gal!

An uninhibited character like Sandra attracts a lot of attention from the press (well, the *Sunday Sport* anyway), and at the start of the movie we discover that our girl is about to get a grilling from a sexy female journo (played by Juliet Anderson, a porn princess who's had more people than Jeremy Beadle!). This is the cue for lots of flashbacks to *Insatiable 1*, showing our heroine getting her itches scratched in a variety of exotic fashions.

Once the ice is broken between the two of them they embark upon a torrid lesbian affair, with Marilyn taking Juliet along to see her 'disciplinarian' – a man who gets pleasure out of seeing people suffer (he used to be the producer of *3-2-1*). I can tell you, it's sizzling action all the way. Four-handkerchief stuff in fact . . .

Hang on – I've lost a sock!

Fancy something a little bit kinky? Well, you can either nip round the Ed's place and look at his collection of nude studies of Jim Bowen, or cop a load of **Edge Of Sanity**, which is yet another variation on the theme of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. The movie features a distinctly undernourished Anthony Perkins as the starchy medico who changes into a red-eyed punk and thereafter prowls the cobbled streets of a very chic Victorian London murdering street girls who wear lip gloss and look dressed for a night out at Stringfellows. Eventually he discovers a like-minded soul in the lovely Susannah (Sarah Maur-Thorp), a sadistic prossie who enjoys dressing as a nun, hanging her clients upside down and chastising them (I believe that Club's very own Assistant Ed may be due some royalties here).

In the meantime Mrs Jekyll (played by *Dempsey and Makepeace* star Glynis Barber) is beginning to suspect that her hubby is up to no good. Why *does* he keep his fingers crossed when he tells her he's been out on the town with Lord Lucan? And how *did* he get those lipstick rings round his Brighton rock? After a blazing row over yet another ruined meal our boy goes completely off his bonce. He then gives Glynis what Robert Louis Stevenson's original story referred to as a 'right good shafting'. If literature had been like this when I was at school then I'd probably have done a whole lot better in it. Glynis Barber with no togs on too – can you cope?

And finally we come to the real bargain: a triple bill of red hot feature films on one three hour tape for a very reasonable £12 a throw – roughly a nicker a wank by my reckoning. The first of these titles is **Desert Lovers**, in which a nubile miss is abducted by a group of Arabs when her Land Rover conks out in the Sahara. One jumbo sized orgy later and she is rescued by a handsome stranger. But upon noticing she's got bigger humps than his camel, he steams in too. Omar Sharif's got a lot to answer for.

The viewer has hardly had time to adjust his dress before he's into **Sex Sleuth**, which boasts the most extraordinary lesbian mud fight scene I've sat through all week. This is a torrid yarn about a private dick investigating a mysterious murder in which the male victim was found with a silly grin on his face and his willy wonka sticking up like a tent pole. His inquiries lead him to two ex-army girls who wanted to make their superior officer stand to attention. Well, what do you expect for £12, for Chrissakes – *The Maltese Falcon*?

And last but not least there's **Marilyn My Love**, in which top French porn star Olinka impersonates the late, great Marilyn Monroe and gets off with a stud, a bevy of chorus line girls and a lesbian in a swimming pool, to mention but a few. If this one doesn't get your goolies throbbing then I suggest you hit them with a mallet. Or maybe you should just call in and see Dominant Dowse . . . ♣

Insatiable II *is available from Video Programme Distributors.*

Edge Of Sanity *is on Palace Video.*

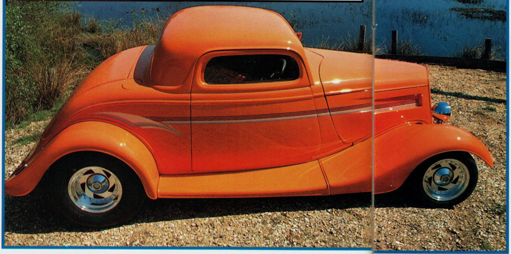
Desert Lovers**,** ***Sex Sleuth*** *and* ***Marilyn My Love*** *are available on a triple bill from Video Tele Sales Ltd, Unit E3, Kemp Road, Dagenham, Essex RM8 1SL.*

Fluff

club
INTERNATIONAL

COUPE DE GRACE

This big orange beauty used to be a '34 Coupe before a crazy Hot Rodder got his hands on it and transformed it into a really classy cruiser that stands out like a Belisha beacon next to your drab little Datsun. Built up from a Super Bell front tube axle and a solid Jaguar axle at the rear every part is chromed or made from polished stainless steel. The Pontiac 350 cu.in. V8 motor delivers more horse power than the Grand National. Perched on top of the engine is a monstrous 671 GMC blower with two Holley carbs for extra polished pose value. The interior was sewn by the owner in grey velvet with orange seats, and with a bird pulling range of over ten miles it's a poser's portable paradise! ♣



IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

Lift Off!

I am the kind of girl who goes for what she wants – including men. For months I'd had my eye on a guy who worked in the same office block as me, though we only ever met in the lift. Once, when it was very full, I'd made sure he'd noticed me by pressing my bum right up against him, and was delighted to feel the soft bulge in his trousers changing into a hard long rod squashed against my arse. I gave him a knowing look as I left the lift, and this left me all the more eager to have my way with him and get that prick out of his trousers and up my pussy.

One afternoon I was leaving early and, getting into the lift, I found myself alone with my lust object for the first time. I just looked at him when the lift door closed. Being near him in the enclosed space of the lift and thinking of what was hidden in his pants, I started getting the hots and wets. I didn't want to go through the rigmarole of chatting him up and giving him the come-on. My pussy was too hot and itchy for that. Instead, while I diverted his attention by running my hand up and down my black-stockinged thigh, I flicked the emergency cut-out switch on the lift and we came to a standstill between floors.

He assumed that the lift had broken down, and was about to use the telephone to call help, but I stopped him and said, "Wait a minute. There's no rush, is there?" and fingered my blouse buttons tantalisingly. "The other day you made me feel something I haven't forgotten," I continued. "I'd like to have a proper feel now!" He didn't resist – what guy would? – when I unfastened his trousers and lifted out his dick. It was just starting to swell as he realised what was happening and within seconds, I was holding the rigid eight inches that I'd been lusting after for weeks.

He was already playing with my tits as I stroked his hard cock to the point where his knob-end looked like bursting. By now I was panting for him and gasped,

continued on page 40

Dear Julianne,

Has anyone ever told you that you have the most adorable, sexiest, most lickable, kissable, and fuckable backside? Well, you have! I've spent hours and several cockloads of spunk in breathless admiration of your perfect round arse, spread in all its sultry glory in Vol 18 No 4.

By the way you look I think you must know what your bottom does to blokes like me, Do you like to feel the hot splash of come on your crack, running down between your legs and mingling with the pussy-juice that's welling up in your cunt? I'll bet you love it when you feel a swollen knob-end pushing apart your gorgeous moist fanny-lips, and the hard length of a rigid prick filling your hole.

That's what I imagine I'm doing to you when I look at your arse and stiffen at the sight of your pouting vulva. I think that's the best way to fuck and I'd love to do it for you, Julianne, and give your rear end the attention it deserves. – *Brad, Liverpool*

***How do you think my bum stays so smooth and soft, Brad? It's because there's nothing I like better than a good come bath on my buttocks, and then to have the spunk rubbed in afterwards. My bum loves to be pampered!* – Julianne**

DICK!

Our resident 'tec gets his dick head on to solve the strange problem of The Fish Finger Consignment.

The name's Slick. Richard Slick. I'm a private eye and when it comes to dick jokes I'm about as tolerant as a bear with piles.

I arrived at my office later than usual that day. There were three messages on the answer-phone: one dame asking me to find her ex-husband, one dame asking me to lose her present husband, and one dame asking me to come on over and fuck her till her ears popped.

It looked like being a normal day.

My new secretary arrived. Her name was Lacey Nixon. She was a bubbly blonde with a figure that wiggled like a sack full of eels and the sort of ass that would turn the Spanish into a nation of donkey lovers.

She asked if there was anything she could take down. I told her to go file some paper clips.

All the previous night I'd been chewing over the facts about my ex-wife and they tasted about as appetizing as a crab-paste sandwich in a cut-price whorehouse. I remembered the scene the night she left. She was standing in the doorway wearing Dr Marten boots, a leopard skin leotard and a tartan top hat. Standing beside her, looking very damned pleased with himself, was my dog, Rover. I'd always known that someday Sylvia would leave me, but I never figured she'd run off with my best friend.

Rover the Rottweiler. God, I loved that dog. He was like a brother to me. Except, of course, that I never went in the jacuzzi with my real brother.

The phone rang. Lacey Nixon grabbed for it. I told her to leave me alone and go answer the phone. It was for me. It was Frank Rockjakoside, the TV detective.

"Hey, Ricky baby," he growled. "I need your help."

"Sure," I snapped. "Sure you do, Frank, because let's face it, you're so dumb if you fell out of a tree you'd need help finding the ground."

Rockjakoside yelled, "Cut the crap, beetle shit, and get your cockroach-infested butt down to the fish dock, pronto," then slammed down the receiver.

I told Lacey Nixon to go in the shower and practise her shorthand, then I headed on down to the car park.

When I arrived at the fish dock Rockjakoside was waiting to greet me. He was bald, weighed twenty stone, wore a dirty mac, sucked a lollipop, had one eye permanently closed and lived in a caravan with his father. The guy was a walking cliché, or would have been if he wasn't confined to a wheelchair.

I got out of the Poontang and exchanged a few words with him. I got two bullshits for a fuckface – slightly below the going rate. Rockjakoside drove a hard bargain. Normally so did I, but today I was in the car.

"So what's the problem, baldie?" I snapped.

"Take a look for yourself," Rockjakoside barked.

He pointed over to a large barrel. A pair of legs were sticking out of the top of it. They were a woman's legs. I recognised them instantly by the streep map of L.A. that was tattooed on her inner thigh. This was a dame who really knew her way around. Her name was Anne Coxwell. Down at the precinct the boys called her Cod-Piece Annie on account of everybody gotta fillet. Now it looked like Cod-Piece Annie had had her chips.

I read the label on the side of the barrel: "Sasson's non-brewed, malt condiment."

"What d'you make of it?" Rockjakoside asked.

"Looks like a case of assault and vinegar," I replied. "I knew the dame liked to get pickled but this is ridiculous."

"Any idea who might've done it?"

I nodded. "Yep. But you got about as much chance of convicting him as you have of stuffing two tons of molten margarine up a tom cat's arse with a red-hot hat pin. His name's Phil Chard, better known to the world as criminal mastermind Fishfinger. Looks to me like Cod-Piece Annie stumbled on him and his men importing fish for immoral purposes."

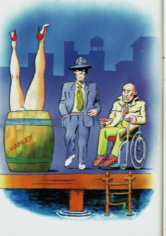
Rockjakoside looked about as shocked as if his period had just started. "You mean people have sex with fish?"

"Sure," I snapped. "You never heard the expression 'get your skates on, boys'?"

I turned to go. I needed trouble from Phil Chard like a eunuch needs a jock-strap.

"Where you going, Ricky?" Rockjakoside shouted after me.

I ignored him. I was eager to get home. Somewhere I'd gotten the idea of getting stuck into a tasty fish supper and I wasn't going to let an asshole like Frank Rockjakoside spoil my plans. ♣



O'REILLY'S BOOK OF RECORDS

With a touch of pure genius, ***Declan O'Reilly*** *uncovers the most useless and ludicrous world champions.*

What a bumper crop of nonsense it's been this month, that's for sure. I'm certain you've enjoyed them as much as I have, and I'll be back with more of the same next month.

But I won't be back with more contenders for the record of THE MOST DISGUSTING STAIN ON A WINCYETTE SHEET. The undisputed champion in this category is the two tone wincyette double sheet belonging to Mr and Mrs Brian Ranglethwart of Acocks Green, Birmingham. On June 25th 1984, they discovered a yellowish stain, measuring three feet by two feet, in the middle of the sheet; by the following day the stain had become crispy in texture and had welded itself not only to the bedcover but the mattress as well.

Several attempts to remove the stain by the Environmental Health department proved unsuccessful, and the Ranglethwarts were subsequently prosecuted for keeping a disorderly house.

There are some places where angels may fear to tread, readers, but Declan O'Reilly will be there, never fear. I was there to uncover the MOST PERVERSE SEXUAL ACT PERFORMED BY A FOOTBALL REFEREE, and believe me, it's not an experience I'd care to repeat.

This record is held by Mr Rodney Nodad, a former amateur league official and referee for 27 years. He was banned from football for life after being found in a compromising position with two former graduates of the Ayatollah Khomeini's College of Disco Dancing. Nodad, at the time of his discovery, was sporting a half eaten chocolate eclair, an I LOVE LUCY t-shirt, and was begging the two Iranians to call him Pootsy.

I've discovered that it's such a wicked world, readers – and I love it. And here comes more of the same!♣

SHISH-BOOM-FWAAA!

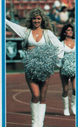
As the new season approaches, everyone seems to have their opinion on how to solve football's problems. Here at Club, we'd like to add our contribution to this vital debate on our national game. Our suggestion is: *get some crumpet on that pitch.*

That's where the Yanks have got the right idea. These bouncing bimbos cheer for the Los Angeles Raiders (they're called the Raiderettes, natch), and during those long confusing intervals in American Football games where nothing else seems to happen, they prance around the pitch chanting things like "Shish Boom Bah, Shish Boom Bah, Mega-Booby Wooby Dooby, Shish Boom Bah". Then they do pussy-parting cartwheels and crotch-creaming double-jointed jumps.

Strangely, the players totally ignore all this and crouch in a huddle fiddling with their balls. Must be something to do with all those steroids they gobble. But the spectators go doolally at the sight of all those bronzed bums and big, bouncing boobs. So isn't it time we learned our lesson and got some synchronised tit wobbling going at White Hart Lane, Highbury, Old Trafford and Griffin Park? (Home of the mighty Brentford.)

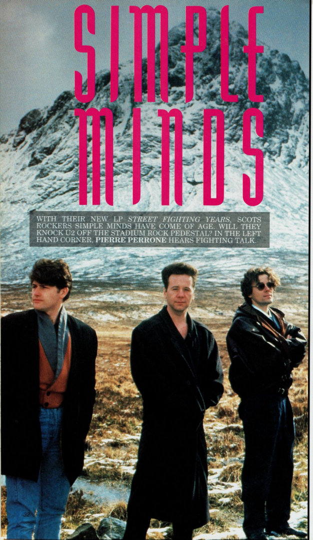
We phoned Bobby Robson to get his opinion on this crucial matter, but he was out. However his answerphone message told us, "At the end of 90 minutes it's all about what happens on that pitch. So just get out there and enjoy yourselves. That's football." Obviously he's with us. Look out for some luvverly jugs at the next international.

(Editor's note: Have you noticed that whenever Bobby Robson gets a halfway decent player he has to "calm them down" and make them "play their proper part in the team"? That's what he's doing with Paul Gascoigne, and he's not going to stop until young chubbycheeks is just as dull and talentless as every other England player. It's a bloody disgrace. I really wanted to get that off my chest. Bye. – Ed.)♣



SIMPLE MINDS

WITH THEIR NEW LP *STREET FIGHTING YEARS*, SCOTS ROCKERS SIMPLE MINDS HAVE COME OF AGE. WILL THEY KNOCK U2 OFF THE STADIUM ROCK PEDESTAL? IN THE LEFT HAND CORNER, **PIERRE PERRONE** HEARS FIGHTING TALK.



There are only so many ways out of the Gorbals, Glasgow's most deprived and depressed district. For the young Jim Kerr, it was football or music, and when he discovered he was crap at football . . .

"Glasgow's just a concrete jungle," he says. "I hate all those clichés of tartan-wearing Scots patriots forever waving their kilts. When we were younger, all we wanted to do was get out of Scotland." For Jim and his childhood friend Charlie Burchill – the diminutive guitarist – the only way to do that was to be in a band.

In February 1977 they formed Johnny and The Self Abusers. Kerr admits they were jumping on the punk bandwagon; it seemed the obvious thing to do. "For me, the movement seemed to be more about satire than real rebellion," Kerr states. Labels like Stiff and Chiswick Records were springing up at the time, and the latter released the Abusers' only single, *Saints And Sinners*. Then, with immaculate timing, the band managed to split up on the very day of the record's release! But Jim and Charlie were determined not to give up their escape route and, keeping drummer Brian McGee, they recruited Mick MacNeil (keyboards) and Derek Forbes (bass), and the first Simple Minds gig took place in July 1978 in their home city.

At the end of that year, after numerous gigs all over Scotland, they met up with Bruce Findlay, a man with a reputation as a kind of Scottish Brian Epstein. He ran a chain of record shops, *Bruce's*, and had just started his own record label, Zoom Records. He became their manager and soon landed them a deal with Arista Records. They'd escaped.

Simple Minds were soon out on tour, supporting Magazine in early 1979. Charlie remembers: "Our first LP, *Life In A Day*, was higher in the charts than their records! I used to love Magazine and Howard Devoto, but they never progressed, whereas we were always moving on, which is why we've been successful." Still, they did make a few mistakes, like their second single *Chelsea Girl*, which stiffed.

Memories of their early records make Jim Kerr cringe. "On *Real To Reel Cacophony* I started writing stuff like *Factory* and *Changeling* – I was trying to reflect our industrial environment, where we came from, but we just ended up sounding gloomy and claustrophobic."

But travel would literally broaden the Minds. In 1980 on a visit to Germany, they found that nightclubs were actually playing their records along with the likes of Chic. "We couldn't believe our ears," enthuses Charlie. "We'd always hoped to make people dance and there it was, happening in front of our very eyes." So they decided to take advantage of this new found audience, and borrowed the disco feel of Donna Summer's *I Feel Love* for *I Travel*, which proceeded to burn up a few dancefloors.

By early 1981 though, things weren't going so well. Simple Minds were thinking of giving up. "We felt Arista weren't backing us and we were heavily in debt," says Charlie. Finally, as a last resort, Bruce Findlay decided to mortgage his shops to raise cash for the band. It was a gamble which would eventually pay off very handsomely . . .

First the band had to get out of its deal. Their lawyer found a legal loophole in their contract and the Minds left Arista. Other labels were now showing interest, and they were snapped up by Virgin. With the release of *Sons And Fascination/Sister Feelings Call* Kerr concedes that the band were still very much pleasing themselves: "We got in through the back door and didn't get kicked out right away, you might say." *The American* and *Love Song* nibbled at the lower end of the charts, but it was in 1982 that the band finally struck it rich with *New Gold Dream*.

Jim Kerr thinks he knows the reason for their success: "It's easy. With songs like *Promised You A Miracle* we discovered melodies. Without really trying too hard we'd finally made an LP that held together as a whole." Simple, really.

Drummer McGee had left during the recording of that LP and was replaced by session drummer Mel Gaynor, whose style became one of the major attractions of the band's live performances. This new line up was immediately thrust into solid touring after their chart success, which probably explains the lack of zest in the follow-up LP *Sparkle In The Rain*. Were Simple Minds just resting on their laurels?

> "I've often wondered why it is in rock that after a certain age you're supposed to be too old for it."

Kerr pleads guilty. "With *New Gold Dream* we thought we had it all. We tried to find the same spark but it didn't quite work, though *Waterfront* isn't a bad track." The public loved it anyway.

From the outset, the band had been heavily into films. Jim and Charlie were regulars at the Glasgow Film Theatre, watching cult classics by the likes of Cocteau and Bunuel. But when Keith Forsey (Billy Idol's producer) approached them with a song he'd written for the John Hughes film *The Breakfast Club*, the band weren't very keen.

Kerr grins. "We were very suspicious. And that Forsey chap didn't even tell us that Bryan Ferry had already turned down *Don't You Forget About Me*! But eventually we relented. It paid off. Without even breaking sweat we got to the top of the American charts. The British press said we'd sold out and I must admit I don't actually like the track that much. It's far too obvious for us. Still, it opened up a lot of doors."

From there, Simple Minds went from strength to strength. They were one of the highlights of Live Aid, and earned the reputation of being one of the best live bands in the country. But Kerr still wasn't satisfied. "We were on automatic pilot, just cruising. *Once Upon A Time* is a good pop LP, the end of our apprenticeship if you like. After all, ten years in the business isn't that long. I've often wondered why it is in rock that after a certain age you're supposed to be too old for it. But *Live In The City Of Light* was definitely the end of a cycle. Our latest LP *Street Fighting Years* shows what we're *really* capable of," adds the singer.

Jim felt that he'd grown up a lot outside the band too. He and his wife Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders had become very much involved with Amnesty International, and the whole of Simple Minds' 1986 tour was dedicated to the cause. But Jim wanted to do more than just give out a few leaflets. "We decided to organise last year's Amnesty concert. When Dire Straits agreed to play, the whole thing took off and we kind of lost control of the event." It all went a bit sour. "TV cameras came into the picture and the Yanks even changed the name of the event to the Freedom Fest. That still rankles.

"And I also thought that some of the artists were going to write special songs to play, as a tribute, but it turned out that we were the only ones who did. That's why we waited till this year to release it (*Mandela Day*) on record, because we didn't want to be accused of cashing in. It was really annoying that the message of the event got diluted. Still," he chuckles, "Botha nearly had a heart attack!"

This year the band have gone on to tackle another political issue, the Irish question, with the release of *Belfast Child*. The singer is quick to justify himself on this one: "Those people who accused us of not knowing anything about the problems in Ireland forgot that we grew up in Glasgow, where sectarianism is rife. Catholics and Protestants don't even support the same football teams there!"

And Simple Minds haven't forgotten what's going on on their very doorstep. "*Soul Crying Out*, on the new LP, deals with the poll tax. It's gonna put a lot of people's backs up!" Kerr admits. "But this Government stinks; it's rotten to the core. Ministers can't even look after the sick and the old. And as far as the environment's concerned, forget it!" he adds, warming to the theme of *This Is Your Land*.

But despite all this subversive talk, Jim maintains he's a pacifist at heart. "I've often been accused of being a dreamer,

but dreamers are the people who get things happening. My lyrics are like stones that I'm throwing at the establishment."

This is all getting a bit serious! Kerr checks himself, and has to admit that the band's sense of humour never shows on their records. "I often sound as if I've got the weight of the world on my shoulders," he confesses, "but I'm not like that at all. I'd like to think that our records offer hope." He looks as if he could do with some of that himself as he sadly confesses that he and Chrissie have now separated.

> 'I've often been accused of being a dreamer, but dreamers are the people who get things happening.'

"She prefers to be in London," he says, "and I need to be in Scotland to be inspired. It was hard to admit we'd failed but at least we're still good friends." He jokes that at least it didn't end up like Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland!

He soon regains his composure too, saying: "I always see rock music as entertainment. That's what it's really all about. But when it's got a bit of a message it becomes so much more valid. I'm trying to hit the right medium." He seems to be succeeding. Beam me up, Scottie!♣

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WANTED: GOOD HOME FOR PERT BOTTOMS

Club International, the magazine that wants to make love to all its readers, makes you an offer you *cannot* refuse. Because we've got the most ravishing, raunchy beauties coming out of our ears, with incredibly awesome tits and bums on every page, we know that you'd jump at the chance to screw each and every one of them!

Of course this is absolutely impossible (not to say rather exhausting) so we're doing the next best thing. For the throwaway amount of £31(!!) we'll send loads of your favourite girls round to your house packed into 13, yes 13 very willing, thick, smooth, and silky copies of just-under-monthly Club International in a completely plain postage cover. So do it today – the girls are getting restless! ♣

I promise to look after, to cherish, to have and to hold my copies of Club and keep them in a manner to which they are accustomed. So please rush me the next 13 throbbing issues of Club under plain cover. I enclose my cheque/postal order for £31 (£34 overseas).

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Send this form to: Subscriptions, Club International, Alan Wells International, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR.

IN AND OUT

From the palatial Club HQ, we have been carefully analysing the social and fashion trends of the day. It seemed about time we let you know our conclusions. So here they are: the first in our series of what's hot and what's not according to a right bunch of piss artists – us. Look out for more ludicrous bigoted cobblers next month.♣

IN	OUT
Fucking	Making love
Mutual masturbation (you can see her go bananas)	The 69 position (impossible to concentrate)
Durex Gold	Mates
Kentucky Fried Chicken (bucket of wings)	McDonalds (Big Mac)
Tattoos	Body piercing
Being polite	Being sick on people
Off licences	Brasseries
British Steel	British Telecom
Scotland	Wales
The Archers	East Enders
Motorbikes	Bicycles
Freckles	Sun Tans
Twister (naked)	Scruples
DM shoes (permanently IN)	Flip flops
Marks and Spencer	Giorgio Armani
Dennis Skinner	Neil Kinnock
Kenny Dalglish	George Graham
Feet	Hands
Leeds	Crouch End
Alphabetti Spaghetti	Sushi
Jackson Five	Simply Red
Beetle convertibles	Peugeot 205s
The Partridge Family	Blue Peter
Any novel by Ian McEwan	Any novel by Jeffrey Archer
Briefs	Boxer shorts
Dominant Dowse	The Ed

BAD JOKE

A young man was delighted to finally be asked home to meet the parents of the young woman he'd been seeing for some time. He was quite nervous about the meeting, though, and by the time he arrived punctually at the doorstep he was in a state of gastric distress. The problem developed into one of acute flatulence, and halfway through the canapés the young man realised he couldn't hold it in one second longer without exploding. A tiny fart escaped.

"Spot!" called out the young woman's mother to the family dog, lying at the young man's feet.

Relieved at the dog's having been blamed, the young man let another slightly larger one go.

"Spot!" she called out sharply.

"I've got it made," thought the fellow to himself. One more and I'll feel fine. So he let loose a really big one.

"Spot!" shrieked the mother. "Get over here before he shits on you!" ♣

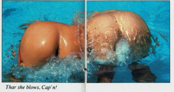
IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 25

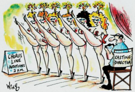
"Come on, we haven't got much time." I just hiked up my skirt around my waist, and tore off my soaking wet panties.

"I want your cock," I panted. "Give me everything you've got." And he took me at my word, shoving his cock into my waiting hole as I stood there leaning against the side of the lift, my legs splayed. My tits were hanging out of my blouse, and he inflamed me even more by squeezing them hard. He almost lifted me into the air as he thrust upwards with his cock. I was so wet and open I could take anything. I came very quickly when I felt the force of his prick in my cunt, and bobbing up and down on his cock I soon felt the gush of his come in my hole. It all dribbled out as his cock went soft and I could feel it slipping out of my cunt and resting against my thigh.

Our encounter had been so sudden and intense that there didn't really seem to be anything to say. We straightened ourselves out and I just blew him a kiss as I started the lift again, getting out at the next floor and saying, "Be seeing you!" – *Gemma, Lancs*



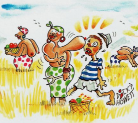
Thar she blows, Cap'n!



Thank you third from the left!

COME OFF IT!

With the most peculiar trivialities in the world, ***Wayne Dollock*** *refreshes the private parts others cannot reach.*



ALL AT SEMEN
Violent reactions to spunk are rare – but in one case, reported in 1967, a girl was said to be so profoundly allergic to semen that her lips, eyelids, tongue and throat became swollen, she had violent pelvic pains and finally lost consciousness every time she had sex.

OVER SHOULDER BOULDER HOLDER
In some African tribes, the women's breasts dangle to their waists like elongated flaps of skin. It is not unknown for them to toss them over their shoulders to keep them out of the way while working.

STICK 'EM UP!
In a few males, erection of the penis may occur in as little as three seconds.

BLOWING THE GAFF
If a man performing oral sex on his loved one accidentally blows into her vagina in mid muff-dive, he is quite likely to kill her by causing an air embolism.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE
In the Nasamonian culture, all wedding guests are expected to copulate with the bride before handing her over to her new husband. ♣

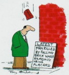
Shop Soiled!

As a lesbian, I am very fond of Club and buy it when I can, but getting it can be rather difficult and embarrassing for a young (and I think very attractive) woman like me, as you can imagine.

A few days ago, however, I went into a newsagent's on my way home, intending to buy a copy of Club to keep me company that evening. Trying to overcome my embarrassment I took the magazine to the assistant, who was a tasty-looking redhead of about 20. Instead of the usual funny looks and grins, however, she gave me a really nice smile as I gave her the money. Although I was avoiding her eyes, she somehow managed to hold me with her understanding expression. It was as if something passed between us.

As I went to take Club, she said, "I love this magazine, don't you? There's a lovely girl on the centre pages this month." She opened it up – it was Vol 18 No 4 – and showed me the gorgeous Julianne displaying her pert, sexy bottom and pussy. The assistant went on: "My name's Rosetta. I was just about to close the shop. Would you like to come up to my flat for a drink?" I think I just nodded and watched her while she locked up, my eyes fastened on her tight jeans emphasising the swell of her round bottom.

Upstairs, we didn't even bother with the drink. We both just knew what the other wanted and embraced each other. "You sit down over there," said Rosetta. "I've got something to show you." Then she moved over to her bed and slowly peeled off her tight clothes, all the time staring into my eyes as she caressed her perfect young body. Her nipples were taut with excitement as she ran her hands teasingly up and down her soft skin. "Would you like to watch me?" she said, and lay down on the bed, posing like the girls I admired in Club. Lying flat on her tummy, she splayed her legs towards me and looked over her shoulder. "Doesn't that excite you?" she whispered. It was too much for me, and I pulled off my clothes, panting at the throb that was already welling up in my pussy. "Sit down and watch me," ordered Rosetta, and while she posed on the bed, I started frigging my wet vulva at the sight of her beautiful body.


LATEST
MAN KILLED BY FALLING BRICK WHILE READING NEWS PLACARD

I could see the wetness glistening in Rosetta's pussy too, as she cavorted sensually on the bed. "Go on," she urged, "do what you do when you're wanking over the girls in Club."

"I can't," I stammered back. "I need a . . .", and before I finished, Rosetta smiled delightedly and gasped, "In the drawer!" Opening the drawer I found what I needed – a nice fat dildo. Even though I like girls, I still love the feel of having my pussy filled to bursting.

I sat down again on the chair, and gazing at Rosetta's loveliness, I started pushing the bulbous end of the dildo into my overheated, soaking cunt. Rosetta was still looking at me all the time, and I could see now that she was working away at her own sex. Pushing the dildo right into my hole, I felt the surge of orgasm shaking through my whole body, making my nipples tingle and my clitty throb like hell.

After I'd come, the juices poured out of me, and Rosetta called me over to her. I fell into her arms. The heat of her body against mine kept my skin tingling and as we kissed, our tits pressed together, and she gripped the cheeks of my bum, running her fingers up and down my crack. She was panting heavily still and begged me to lick her to orgasm. I buried my face in her sweet-smelling pussy, lapping at her creamy, sticky cunny-lips, and probing her with my tongue. Her bottom finally bucked as she climaxed repeatedly and I worked four fingers into the hot fleshy wetness of her cunt.

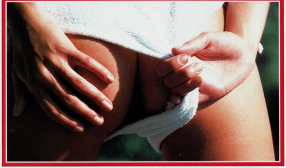
That was just a beginning. We spent the whole evening loving each other's bodies,

continued on page 98

IN ARREARS

In the second of our ground breaking series of Great Moments in Bottom History we turn our admiring gaze to the timeless curves of one Belinda Bumcheek. Following her success in such big bum screen smashes as *Bus Bot*, *Gentlemen Prefer Bums* and the classic *Some Like It Bot*, there was hardly a toilet door in the land that didn't display her wondrous behind to a loving public. But perhaps her greatest moment was, sadly, never to be seen as it was shelved (presumably on the bottom shelf) due to the picture's major sponsor, Johnson's Cheek Cream, pulling out at the last moment. But in an exclusive peep I managed to clap my eyes on the scene when Belinda stepped across a ventilation grill, allowing her dress to blow up around her ears and revealing the glorious shining bum that would certainly have made her a household bottom of ginormous proportions.
– Billy Buttock

This man has gone mad. Shoot him – Ed.♣



The Bastard's Guide to...

Here at Club we're always on for a spot of serious swilling. And after a pint or three we'll do it anywhere – except if ***Reggie Snatchgobbler*** *has been there first . . .*

Whether you're celebrating success or drowning your sorrows, there's nothing quite like a night in the pub – thank God. Britain's boozers are going down the drain quicker than a fag end in a piss trough. So as Club's resident expert, I thought I should tell you everything the drinking bastard should know about our national institution. Before you sod off down the pub, read this guide to our most horrible hostelries.

THE LARGE COUNTRY PUB

What better than a chance to get away from it all in a country pub? Trouble is, they're always on a main road within eardrum-shattering distance of passing juggernauts. In a desperate attempt to get you to stop hurtling down the fast lane of the main A727M London-to-Exeter road, these pubs offer a wide range of food (or traditional fayre, as the rural shit-shifters like to call it).

Townies off to their holiday cottages can enjoy overpriced stale bread and supermarket cheese masquerading as 'Ploughman's Lunch' whilst the ploughmen drive their BMWs into town for *medaillons de boeuf en crout* at the local French restaurant. It's the pub grub that makes these places profitable. Last time I asked for a pint in one, the middle-aged mock milkmaid behind the bar said, "Beer? Now hang on, we did have some of that, I remember seeing it. Ah yes, here it is under the spinach and truffle quiche . . ."

Worst Bastard Example: *The Jolly Expensive Wheatsheaf*, Third lay-by on the left, Honiton By-pass.
Specialities: Ham Quiche (£2.50), Vegetarian Quiche (£2.99), Ploughman's Lunches (£4.50), Old Farmer Piles' Country Rolls (£1.90 each), Scrumpy-style Apple-flavour Cider Drink (£1.10).

THE SMALL COUNTRY PUB

These fall into two categories: ones that have been discovered by the Volvo Estate and holiday home brigade and ones that haven't. The ones that have are "ever so quaint", "bijou" and "full of wonderful old characters". The ones that haven't are cold, cramped and reek of sheep shit. And don't go believing that people are friendlier in the countryside. You wouldn't say that if you'd spent two hours trying to get 'Lovable Old Jethro' with the half of mild to say something other than, "Fuck off back to the city, you bastard."

Worst Bastard Example: *The Miserable Sod*, Cowpat-on-Sole, Devon.
Speciality: Terseness.

THE THEME PUB

Just out of town on the ring road is a huge bland-looking pub which the brewers make 'irresistible' by turning the interior into a mock-up of a Spanish galleon, a Chinese pagoda or a medieval dungeon during the reign of Hereward the Wake. In fact, apart from providing the newcomer or completely brain-dead bastard with some props for obvious jokes, they impress nobody.

Most of the time, like a faulty Tardis, the theme has bugger-all to do with the surroundings, but occasionally it's chosen from what the building was before the brewers spoiled it. For example, in the Midlands, there is a pub that has been converted from an old sausage factory. The menu is entirely sausage-related, there are sausages of various sorts hanging on the walls and obvious sausage humour in the toilets. In fact, the whole pub is like a giant sausage about to go under the grill – it's full of pricks.

Worst Bastard Example: *Willies* (a former gents toilet), Drain Street, Manchester.
Specialities: Bitter (90p) and a landlord who doesn't mind you saying, "A former toilet, eh? No wonder the lager tastes like piss!" despite hearing it 20 times already.

THE FUN PUB

Usually in some internationally recognised centre for entertainment, like Biggleswade, the fun pub has been created for people who don't find drinking themselves into oblivion quite enough. No, they've got to have fun nights where 'anything goes'.

In fact, 'anything' only consists of burly builders wearing their wives' frocks with oranges for tits, and fat frumpy women in schoolgirl uniforms. 'Fun' DJs, who are so pathetic they can't even get on Radio Blackburn, organise games that provide an excuse to fondle a few bums and shout one-liners that Frankie Howerd would have turned down in the 1970s.

Worst Bastard Example: *The Fun Castle*, Stench Street, Hull. (Monday – St Trinians Night, Wednesday – Brickies in Frocks Night, Friday – Fat blue comic who makes Bernard Manning sound sophisticated Night, Saturday – Shouting and laughing loudly at nothing in particular Night).
Specialities: Draught Lager, Pils Lager, Extra Strong Lager, Extra Weak Lager and something sickly and fucking expensive for the girlfriend.

THE IRISH PUB

As anyone will tell you, the Irish have the gift of the gab. The trouble is they can't keep their gabs shut. Irish pubs are small but very noisy, full of lovable blarney and violence. Happy hours here are between ten and eleven, when, every night on the dot, a fight breaks out over some matter of nose-shattering importance like whether Shergar would ever have beaten Mill Reef on the flat. Then there's the vast selection of Irish dirges on the juke box, mourning long dead men who fought the English to stop them taking over their country. Now they're getting their own back by stopping you getting to the bar in yours. Don't argue.

Worst Bastard Example: *The Big Green Man*, 29 Kensal Road, Kensal Rise.
Specialities: Guinness (£1.30), Jamesons Irish Whiskey (£1.10), a mouthful of broken teeth if you ask for anything else.

PUBLIC HANGING
J. GRIFFITHS

Pubs

THE REAL ALE PUB

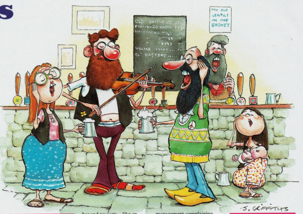
Always in the shittiest suburb of the town is the pub selling real ale. Real ale is an alcoholic Cup-a-Soup but instead of croutons in your glass, there's bits of hops, sediment, brewer's toenails, scabies, verrucas etc. Usually it's drawn by hand from a barrel somewhere in the bowels of the earth, and tastes like the earth of your bowels.

However, it does have one great advantage. It's bloody strong. You'll be pissed as a fart after three – which is just as well because after three and a half, you honk your guts up on the spot. Some people actually prefer it – but then they also like folk music, pottery, knitted jumpers, trams and other useless things that rightly disappeared 50 years ago.

Fortunately it's easy to spot these twats who won't touch a drop unless it has a specific gravity of over 2,000 before they launch into the chorus of a Spinners song. They're the ones with beards wearing T-shirts saying, 'I like mine pumped by hand'.

Worst Bastard Example: *The Olde Firkin Pratt*, Hippy Street, Camden.

Specialities: Traditional hand-pumped ales like Rectum's Old and Peculiar (£1.10), Blackanasty Stout (£1.20).



THE CITY CENTRE PUB

Home of the six o'clock swill. Tired office workers who don't want to be crushed together on rush hour trains crush together in the pub five doors down from their work place instead. These pubs are never chosen on their merits, purely their proximity – if there was a cesspit full of four-week-old dead walruses within ten yards that served alcohol at 5.30, people would fight to get in it.

Generally there's one long bar and no seats – like an alcoholic McDonalds. The staff are chosen from the limited number who can do two pints of lager with one hand, a rum and Pepsi for Sharon with the other, and wash the glasses with their feet, whilst inventing a price for the round which is exactly what you have left in your wallet (minus your bus fare).

One of the most popular gimmicks for the city centre pub is the Happy Hour. I don't know how you define 'happiness' but being crushed up against 200 braying members of middle management complaining about DB to their fat-arsed secretaries doesn't have me delirious with joy. By half past seven, though, these places are deserted save for the one guy who had a *really* bad day at work, and a bored barman who wishes he'd go home.

Worst Bastard Example: *The Fax and Desk Tidy*, A4, Photocopier Street, London WC2.

Specialities: The first beer that comes to hand (£1.20).

THE INDUSTRIAL PUB

Small street-corner establishments like the *Rovers Return*, usually opposite the local Smelt Works or Glue Factory. Once full of burly workmen with hands like shovels who made their living by good honest toil and the sweat of their brows. Now deserted 'cos a Japanese firm has moved in and made them all redundant. Some have adapted to stay alive.

Worst Bastard Example: *The Mitsubishi Builder's Arms*, Dole Terrace, Sunderland.

Specialities: Newcastle Brown (85p), Raw Fish (45p) and a good laugh watching Mr Fujisoto from the Tokyo office trying to eat a bag of scratchings with chopsticks.

THE WORKING MEN'S CLUB

Similar to the above except that all the rooms have been knocked together to make way for 200 Formica tables and a fat tart in a glittery dress singing *I Will Survive* too loudly and off-key.

Worst Bastard Example: *The Mitsubishi Builder's Social Club*, Cheap Turn Street, Sunderland.

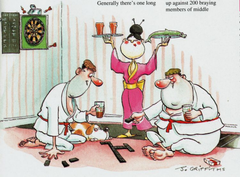
Specialities: Newcastle's Exhibition (35p a pint), over-amplified Country and Western duos (free).

THE LOCAL

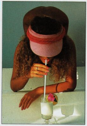
Flock wallpaper, velour seats, melamine tables with fake wrought iron legs, a barmaid with big tits who winks when you make obvious saucy remarks, a regular who gets served before you do even though you've been waiting for 25 minutes, a juke box that plays Kylie Minogue, fizzy beer, no food except Cheese 'N' Onion Crisps two months past their sell-by date, one American lager, white wine that tastes like Keith Floyd's urine . . . Need I go on?

Worst Bastard Example: Mine.

Speciality: Getting you fucking rat-arsed whenever you feel like it. Bloody magic! ♣



TALKIN' BLUE



This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

I don't know if I'm just a little strange, but I've got a thing about men with small cocks. Ever since I had my first one, I've loved the feel of a small but very hard dick in my cunt or my mouth.

That's the thing that I like best about them – they get so much harder. I was really converted to this by an old boyfriend. I must admit that when I first saw his cock spring out of his pants I was a little disappointed. I'd been used to cocks of about seven or eight inches, but this was only about five, and that was being generous! I soon forgot all about measurements though, when I grasped it in my hand and started to wank it – I'm not kidding when I say that it was as stiff as a poker. I squeezed my hand really firmly round it but there was no sign whatsoever of it going soft. I couldn't believe it, and I couldn't wait to feel it in my cunt shafting me either.

I grabbed it and sat on top of it, feeling it sink right into my sticky fanny. He was pressing his dick so far up me that I could feel his pubic bone under me, grinding into my bum. I'd never felt anything like it before. It was almost as if my cunt was sucking him right in, and the full penetration he was getting was sending both of us wild.

His stabbing cock pumped in and out of my slick love hole so fast that I could barely keep up with him, but soon I exploded into the most intense series of orgasms I'd ever had. Since then, I've been getting happily fucked senseless, and I've definitely come to the conclusion that the best things come in small packages! – *Tracey, Tiverton*

WRONG SIDE OF THE BLANKET

I'm a nurse in a well known hospital, and if anyone ever found out what I've done I'd probably get the sack. But at the time it was the most pleasurable experience of my life.

One of my duties is giving blanket baths to the patients, who are all male on my ward. No-one likes giving or having a blanket bath, but with one guy on the ward I really used to look forward to it, because I fancied him like hell. He was young, blond and very handsome, with a monster of a cock that I could hardly keep my hands off every time I had to bath him.

He seemed to enjoy these sessions too, grinning at me while I washed all over his muscular body, and lying back with his eyes closed to enjoy the feeling of my hands all over him. He always used to get a hard-on, that huge dick rearing up in the bed. It was so tempting to suck him off, but I knew I'd be in dead trouble if I got caught. But one day I was alone on the ward as the other duty nurse was off sick, so I decided to take my chance.

I closed the curtains around his bed and got him prepared, gently removing his pyjamas and then rubbing him all over with the soap and cloth until that gorgeous body was glistening. As usual, that big cock was erect, sticking up right in front of my face. I took the bull by the horns and said, "I'm really going to have to do something about that, you know!"

The poor guy looked as if I hadn't spoken a moment too soon. "Suck it, please," he begged, holding it by the base and directing it into my mouth as I bent over him. I had to keep an ear out in case anyone came along but soon my lips were clamped firmly round it as I moved my mouth up and down the shaft. I nibbled his balls as I saw the pre-come seeping out of his cock. I knew he wasn't far from spunking as his cock started to twitch. I wanted to swallow it all, so I held my mouth just above his knob end. He watched as I gobbled down all the spunk that flew from his cock. It tasted wonderful.

To my surprise, his cock was still stiff after he'd shot his load. "There's plenty more where that came from – I've been saving it up for so long!" he told me. I was desperate to have that cock in my cunt by now, so I quickly took off my tights and panties and knelt on the bed, crouching over his hard-on, and then lowered my juicy snatch on to it.

I was able to take it all the way, which surprised me, and I could feel his pubes brushing against my cunt lips as I squeezed my cunt around his cock and moved up and down on it. It was ecstasy being so filled up, and I knew I was going to come several times as he shafted me. I had to do most of the work, because I didn't want to burst his stitches, but I didn't mind. I rubbed my clitty furiously to bring myself off properly as he grasped my hips and unloaded another smaller wad of come inside me.

It was a close thing, but I managed to get my tights back on before anyone came back. I left him my panties to wank into until I could get him behind the curtain for another blanket bath, but unfortunately he was discharged before I could shag him again. – *Eleanor, Bath*

COURT IN THE ACT

I hope that you will consider this letter for *Talking Blue*. It would give me a big thrill to see my escapades in print, and maybe give me the courage to tell my boyfriend, who is heavily into all girl action, about what I have done.

It was his fault that I had my first lesbian encounter, after all. Bill was due to meet me at the squash club one night, but needless to say he never showed. While I sat and waited, a gorgeous girl walked in, wearing a very trendy and tight skirt-suit and carrying her holdall. I watched her confirm her booking, then she made her way in the direction of the locker room. Thinking Bill had been held up, I decided I would get changed anyway.

Walking into the locker room, I saw the same girl getting undressed. She looked at me, smiled and said, "Hi." I replied and watched as she rolled one black seamed stocking down her golden leg, then wriggled out of her tight fitting mini-skirt to reveal a very tiny black G-string. She noticed me watching her undress, smiled again and asked which court I was playing on. "None," I said, "unless my boyfriend gets a move on." She laughed and told me she was just here for some practice on her own, and introduced herself as Tanya. "I'm Helen," I replied as we shook hands.

We walked upstairs to the viewing gallery to check if both courts were empty, which they weren't. Walking over to the window to check the car park for Bill's car, Tanya said, "If he doesn't turn up you could always play with me." There was a definite double meaning to that one, and at first I wasn't quite sure what to do. But after several minutes of waiting I took her up on her offer.

She beat me easily. After we both came off court I stepped into the shower and began washing. Lathering myself up, I turned to see Tanya standing at the shower entrance watching me. Feeling a little nervous I commented that the water was lovely. Tanya walked over and started to shower, and asked me if I would wash her back, to which I nervously agreed.

"Mmm, that's nice. You've got a nice touch, Helen. Now it's my turn to do it to you," she said, to which I agreed, not having had another woman do anything like this for me before. Her touch was new and exciting. While soaping me, she made several comments about my body which excited me even further. "How about the front of you then?" she asked, spinning me around.

Before I had a chance to speak, she was soaping my tits, rubbing them and massaging them in every direction, making my nipples stiffen. Wanting to further the excitement of the experience, I started to give Tanya the same treatment, to which she threw her head back, closed her eyes and let out a sigh of ecstasy. Her 36-inch boobs moulded into the shape of my new frantic hands. Tanya, with a look of sheer lust in her eyes, pulled our hips together, kissed me fully on the mouth and started rubbing her fanny against mine. The feeling of our pubic mounds rubbing together made me spasm and moan, my pussy wetter than it had ever been. Tanya slipped a finger into my cunt, collected some of my juice on it, withdrew it and licked it clean, moaning with approval as she did so. "Let me take you to my place and lick you all over, especially that sweet tasting pussy," she said. How could I refuse?

Driving back to her place, her mini-skirt was hitched up so I could see her stocking-tops. I told her I had no knickers on. Tanya took one hand off the steering wheel and started sliding it up my skirt, which I pulled up for her to get easier access to my soaking pussy. Her expert fingers immediately found my clit and worked on it like it had never been worked on before, bringing me to my first of many orgasms that night. As we pulled up outside her flat we couldn't get out of the car fast enough!

Once inside, Tanya wasted no time at all, kissing me passionately as her hands started to undress me. My blouse and skirt fell to the floor, revealing my total nakedness. Tanya stepped back, admiring my body and undressing herself, revealing a black bra, black seamed stockings and a black suspender belt. Taking me by the hand she began kissing and licking my body, my nipples stiffening immediately, aching to be sucked. Tanya's tongue now found my throbbing clit, her talents making me squirm.

My hands were rubbing my own large boobs and Tanya glanced up, continuing her tongue work. She asked if I could suck my own nipples, and I nodded. "Do it for me," she said. "Let me see your lips around your big, stiff nipples." I placed my hands under my left tit and pushed it up as high as I could, my lips easily engulfing my nipple. The sight of this made Tanya's tongue work faster, which immediately brought me to a shattering climax. Then Tanya, with her lips and tongue covered in my juice, raised herself and kissed me, my tongue licking her lips, letting me taste my own come for the first time.

"Now for something special," said Tanya as she reached under the pillow. My eyes widened in shock when I saw what she had in her hands. She saw my expression and told me not to worry – we would both enjoy it. In her hands was a huge double dildo, long, thick and jet black. She knelt astride me, rubbing one end of the monster against her pussy lips, smearing it with her sweet juice. I took hold of the dildo and licked the gorgeous honey off it. Tasting another woman's juices made my nipples stiffen even more and I handed the dildo back to Tanya, who immediately thrust one end into her cunt, squealing with delight. She then lowered herself, easing the huge tool inside me.

"Oh God, that's fucking amazing," I gasped. Tanya started pumping away, giving us both fantastic sensations, her hands mauling and clawing at my big tits. We both rocked faster and faster, sighing and breathing heavily. The huge rubber cock was stretching my cunt walls to the limit. "Let me fuck you from behind," I screamed. Tanya withdrew the dildo from me and pulled it out of herself, then turned it around and placed the end that had just been in me into herself. Although it was a bit of a struggle it was fantastic. The thought of me having a hold like this over another woman was making my fanny flood. Tanya screamed in total ecstasy as she climaxed.

Since then I have had several nights of lesbian lust with Tanya, and now she is talking about having a three girl session with a lesbian friend of hers. If it happens I will write again. – *Helen, Wrexham*

Holiday Blues

Play it again, Samantha

I've always loved travelling, and last year after I left college I thought I'd just like to take myself off somewhere exotic and laze around, then get myself some kind of job to finance an extra long holiday. I finally decided to go to Morocco, because I knew it was hot and cheap, and that lots of young single people like myself went there.

I ended up in Rabat after a couple of months. It was a lovely coastal town with plenty to see, and a huge army of tourists everywhere. When I ran out of money – I'd spent it all on drink, souvenirs, and picking up men in nightclubs! – I took a job as a chambermaid at one of the poshest hotels there. The manager liked both my arse and my English accent, so I thought I was well set up for a few months at least.

I was assigned as chambermaid to the top two floors, where the best suites were, and therefore the richest customers. I was hoping to at least double my wages with tips, so I was always extra careful when I did their rooms.

One morning I came to the last room on my roster; I'd never seen who was in it, but I knew from looking at the luggage in the room that it was occupied by an American couple, and a rich one at that. They were usually out sightseeing all day, but as it happened, when I went in to clean that morning the wife was still in there.

I had a bit of a shock when she walked out of the en suite bathroom, dripping wet and completely naked. She'd obviously no idea that I'd come in, and made no attempt to cover herself up when she saw me.

And I could hardly take my eyes off her. To be honest, I'd had a couple of sexual encounters with women before, but I wasn't very experienced at it. I'd never been so overcome with lust as I was when I first saw her, because her cunt hair was really neatly trimmed, and she had shaved around her sex lips. I don't know why that should have aroused me so much, but immediately I felt a hot flush all over, and my fanny felt as if it was burning. I just stood there rooted to the spot, staring at her cunt and gradually moving my eyes up the rest of her firm body until our gazes met.

She gave me a wry smile and said, "So you like what you see, do you, honey?" I just smiled and nodded, and she came over to me and just started to undress me, unbuttoning my white tunic and running her hands all over me as she pushed it off. She ran one of her hands down my stomach and cupped my mound in it, and I felt her teasing my clit with her fingernail. My knees buckled.

She started kissing me then, pushing her tongue right into my mouth, and pulling me towards her. I could feel how wet and hot her skin was as she pushed me backwards on to the bed and kissed her way down to my panties. I could feel that a damp patch had formed in the crotch, and the woman started licking my cunt through them as I lay there.

"Let's see you touch yourself," she said to me, lifting my hands up to my

boobs and placing one on each. I kneaded them, pulling the nipples really hard. By this time I was panting loudly and the woman, Samantha, pulled my thighs even wider apart so that she could give my cunt a real thorough licking.

"God, I haven't had a woman in so long," she gasped as I bucked my hips towards her, coming my love juices on to her face. "It's so good to taste a woman's cunt again." The sight of her, still licking me out as she carried on talking, got me more excited than I'd felt for a long time. My pussy quivered as I came again, arching my back off the bed as Samantha gripped my hips.

"My turn now, I think," she told me, moving up my body and turning me over so that I was on top of her. Her breasts were small and very firm, and I bent over to take one of them in my mouth, nibbling gently on the nipple with my teeth, licking the soft skin underneath and running my tongue all over them. Samantha lay back on the bed, groaning.

"Oh, please do my cunt," she wailed, throwing back her head, which made her long hair swish across my body. I seemed to be extra sensitive everywhere she touched me. I ran my hands over her smooth, tanned skin, feeling all round her cunt with my hand. She was so hot and wet I thought she was going to come straight away. "You're making me come!" she wailed as I fingered her harder and faster, feeling the walls of her cunt squelching around my fingers. "I'm coming!" she shouted, biting her lip. "Lick me!" I'd never seen anyone come like she did, tearing feverishly at her tits with her hands, thrusting her hips up and down off the bed, and grinding her cunt right into my face.

Eventually she collapsed back on to the bed, breathing heavily and ran her hands over my body as we recovered. It had all happened so fast and hard that we needed time to pull ourselves together.

"I'm sorry I was so quick and noisy," Samantha said to me. "But I just lost control totally. It's so long since I fucked a woman, and when you stood there looking at my body like that, I just got so aroused that I couldn't stop myself from taking you to bed."

I shyly explained that I hadn't had much to do with women before, only a couple of fumbled encounters when I was at college. "I wasn't sure I was doing it right!" I joked.

"Oh, you were doing it *very* right!" Samantha replied, before leaning over to lick and suck my boobs again. We ended up fucking a couple more times that morning, with me getting another taste of Samantha's quim. I could easily see myself getting used to it.

I had to dash off then, because I thought that I'd be missed by the rest of the staff, but Samantha made me promise to meet her that evening. "My husband's rented a private stretch of beach," she said. "There's a little beach hut there. I'll meet you at eight. Don't come too overdressed!" I hurried off down the corridor, pulling my tunic back on. My cunt was still tingling, and I felt sticky hot all over. The manager looked at me a bit oddly, but thankfully he didn't notice

the red marks on my neck and cleavage where Samantha had nuzzled and bitten me. I could hardly wait to see her that evening, and I spent a lot of time that day with my fingers in my cunt, making up all sorts of horny fantasies about what we'd get up to that night.

When I arrived at Samantha's beach hut I was a little late. It wasn't dark but I couldn't see anyone when I walked up and pushed the door open.

As soon as I opened it I could hear moaning noises, and by the sun loungers in the corner I caught sight of Samantha sitting down, fondling her own tits and screaming the rudest things. As I came close I could see that she was astride a big suntanned bloke, who was shafting her for all he was worth. Although she was on top, his fuck strokes were so powerful that she was being lifted right into the air. Neither of them had seen me and I stood and watched, getting more and more horny as I stared at them. Samantha's tits bobbed up and down and the guy underneath reached up to grope them as they both panted away really loudly.

"Harder!" Samantha screamed. "Fuck me as hard as you can! Give me all that cock!" The guy just grunted and rammed into her. She went wild as he shot his wad inside her, and I could see his spunk leaking from her fanny as she writhed on top of him to bring herself off, rubbing her clitty as he carried on squeezing her boobs.

By this time I had my hand down my bikini briefs, frigging myself off. It didn't take me long to feel my climax building up and I had to bite my lip as I came. Even then, a small moan must have escaped me because Samantha looked up and saw me.

I'd been caught red-handed – and sticky fingered!

Samantha smiled wickedly and eased herself off the bloke's cock. It was covered in her love juices and his own come, but there was no sign of it going limp. He casually lay there on his side, his hard-on sticking out rigid, watching Samantha as she came over to me.

"This is my husband, Larry," she told me. Larry just grinned. I guessed he was the strong but silent type. "When I told him about our little session this morning, he was just dying to come and watch us; and I'm sure you'd love to feel that big cock in your sticky cunt, wouldn't you?" I was a bit wary at first, but Larry didn't move so I pulled off my bikini and stood there naked, waiting for what Samantha would do next.

She came over to me and pulled me over to the lounger. It was right by the window and even though it was evening the sun was still shining quite brightly on to it. Larry was still just lying there, toying with his erection as Samantha positioned me on the lounger with the cushions under my bum, making it so that it was raised to give her tongue and fingers easier access to my soaking pussy.

The sun glinted on Samantha's bronzed boobs and legs as she knelt down

and parted my lips, pushing her tongue through my dark pubes and holding my cunt as wide open as she could. As her tongue snaked in there Larry sat up. I could see him watching, fascinated, as Samantha tongued me. He was tugging at his cock now, and I could see the swollen knob-end pulsing and purple as he wanked himself. I felt a bit embarrassed and stiffened. Samantha noticed.

"Don't worry about Larry, he knows all about my liking for pussy. And he likes it even better when I let him watch!" she drawled. By the look on Larry's face I could tell he was more than keen. The faster Samantha licked me and rubbed at my clit, the harder he pulled his dick. I could tell he was going to spunk again any moment, but I couldn't hold back my

climax and came, panting and shouting.

"Now," Samantha said, "I want to see you with Larry's spunk all over you." Larry stood up and wanked his cock even harder, pulling the foreskin back and forward. I could see that his balls were straining with the amount of sperm in them.

"Shoot it all over her!" Samantha ordered. Immediately I saw the first jet of creamy come shoot from the eye of Larry's cock. It landed right in the middle of my stomach, and was soon followed by a long stream of come which sprayed all over me – stomach, tits, face, everywhere. Larry stood there squeezing his cock to get it all out.

Samantha immediately knelt down and started to gobble Larry's come from my body. Her tongue rasped all over as she licked it up, and of course that led to a lot more kissing and groping. I got my fingers up into her hot snatch, and was busy frigging her off when she stopped me.

"No, not yet," she said. "I want to see Larry fuck you." I knew there was no way he could come again so soon, despite the fact that he was already stiff again. But I turned over on to all fours and stuck my arse high in the air, pulling my bum cheeks apart and opening up my cunt in front of him. I'd never behaved so shamelessly.

"Stick it in, Larry," I moaned. "Fuck my cunt." Straight away he pushed his meat into my wet fanny, and shafted me, slowly at first, then faster and faster. His big cock was stretching my pussy walls to the limit – and it felt wonderful.

Samantha was busy watching and wanking herself as Larry fucked me, and before long I felt a tremendous orgasm come over me, followed by several others in quick succession. I collapsed on the bed, drained.

After that night I carried on having threesomes with Larry and Samantha. Both were quite open about the fact that they both liked fucking me, and Larry didn't mind if Samantha and I wanted to be alone. After their holiday was over and they returned to the States, I spent many evenings in Rabat with sticky fingers and an aching, wet cunt. – *Erica, Suffolk*

Couples Confess

Share and share alike! That's the idea of good group sex. And here in Couples Confess is where you share your dirtiest real life experiences with us.

I've been reading your magazine for a couple of months, mainly to relieve my frustrations since my husband left me. I find the readers' letters and confessions very arousing, and invariably I've been ending up in bed having an early night with my fingers in my sticky, hot cunt just lately. It never entered my head that I'd ever have anything to write in about myself, but after what happened a couple of weeks ago I thought, why the hell not?

It all started when a couple of the girls at work were talking about a lingerie party that they'd been to. It sounded great fun so I asked them about it. It turned out that a friend of theirs had them regularly, and a whole crowd of women would go along and look at lots of sexy lingerie and fetish gear, and buy it to take home as a treat for their husbands or themselves! One of the girls, Deirdre, giggled as she told me what else was on offer at these parties.

"I bought this huge dildo," she told me. "Honestly, I'd never seen anything like it. I never thought I'd be able to get it up me, but I got so excited just thinking about it that in the end I was so slick it was no problem. I tell you, it was ecstasy." I could feel my cunt getting wet at the idea, so I asked when the next party was going to be and Deirdre and Angie agreed to take me along.

Julie, their friend, was having another one a couple of days later, and when we arrived there were already about seven other women there. Not only was there food, but a lot of drink was flowing freely and everyone was looking pretty merry. I got stuck in with gusto: it was ages since I'd had a night out, with or without my husband.

The other girls at the party seemed very friendly, and were all about my age. I knew that a few of them were divorced or separated like myself, so we swopped lots of saucy tales about our ex husbands and generally let our hair down. It was a long time since I'd done that, and it felt great.

About half an hour after I'd arrived, Julie announced that the show was about to begin. It seemed that at every party, a couple of the girls would dress up in the sexy lingerie and demonstrate it. I thought this would be a bit of a laugh as Julie turned the lights down and started some seedy-sounding music. I could hardly stop myself from giggling as I settled down with another drink to watch the show. I was beginning to feel horny too, and it was really tempting to give my clitty a little rub, but I thought I'd better not. Not in public anyway.

The first person to come in modelling some of the fetish lingerie was Angie. She was wearing a red bra which had the cups cut out, showing her nipples completely. I could see that they were as hard as pebbles and sticking out from her chest. She was obviously very turned on flaunting herself in front of all these other girls. A damp patch was forming in my knickers as I watched her. She had lovely long red hair, which went well with the red undies, quite small boobs, and to my surprise, a shaved snatch. I could see that because the knickers she had on were not only crotchless but see-through as well. As she cavorted around to the music I could see that her cunt was very moist, and she was panting and excited.

Following slowly behind her came a girl who I didn't know, but I certainly wanted to. I thought she was gorgeous, although I couldn't understand why I'd suddenly got the hots for another woman; but I definitely had. This girl was really petite, with a lovely suntan, and very large boobs for her size. She was wearing a black see-through fishnet body stocking, cut right away at the back so that she was showing all of her firm bum to everyone. As she turned round she looked right at me, and at the same time thrust her snatch at me as I sat there gazing at her. I could see a lovely big bush of pubes that spread all round the tops of her thighs and seemed to go halfway up her stomach too. I was dying to get my hand in there and frig her off, all of a sudden.

The other women in the room were getting a bit worked up too. Normally I would have been shocked at this, but now the sight of several of them starting to rub and masturbate themselves didn't shock me at all. In fact, it just turned me on even more.

The final model came in while the other two went to change. It was Deirdre, who had been sitting next to me until a few minutes before, but this time she looked a bit different! I'd never seen her looking like that in the office.

She was wearing a complete outfit of black rubber. Bra, panties, suspender belt, stockings – all made of tight black rubber that she was moulding tightly to her body as she caressed herself in front of us. She was also sucking a large knobbly dildo, one of the collection of sex aids that was also on offer. As I watched she took it out of her mouth and rubbed it up and down in between her fleshy boobs. I was practically wetting myself with lust by this time.

Around me a few of the others had started to strip off and were fondling each other as they watched the action. I was feeling a bit left out so I started to strip too, throwing my blouse and skirt on the floor and wrenching my bra up to fondle my boobs. I've always loved doing that.

However, I wasn't alone for long because Deirdre came and sat on my knee before I knew what was happening. I could smell the rubber of her underwear as she pressed her cunt right into mine and squirmed about on my knee. Then she grabbed me and started to kiss me really hard, pulling

my bra off with one hand and shoving her hand into my wet knickers with the other. I could feel her rubbing my hot little clitty frantically as she pushed me right back into the armchair so that she was lying on top of me.

"I've always fancied you," she told me as I slid my hands under her rubber bra to fondle her stiff nipples and aching boobs. She sat so that she was astride me, sticking her bum high into the air as she started to frig me off. I opened my legs as wide as I could to let her get as many fingers in as possible.

I carried on groping her boobs and suddenly I felt her stiffen and moan. Looking over her shoulder I saw the girl with the fishnet bodystocking standing behind Deirdre, pushing a big double dildo into her soaking fanny. The other end of the dildo was nestling in between her ample boobs and she was moving it back and forth over her tit flesh and pressing her boobs around it as she shafted Deirdre. The bodystocking was around her waist and she was leaning back, closing her eyes as she let herself go completely.

I could hear shrieks and groans coming from all corners of the room, but at that moment I was too engrossed in what was going on in my chair to take too much notice. The sight of Deirdre having that big double dildo rammed into her was too much for me. A couple of seconds later I tensed and came, clamping my pussy muscles round Deirdre's hand. I could feel my juices trickling out of me, and she started to spread them all round my cunt, which just got me excited all over again.

By this time I'd lost all inhibitions, and I couldn't wait to get stuck into the next girl. I watched as Deirdre eased herself off the dildo and went over to where Angie and another woman were having a noisy 69. She got stuck straight in by pouring the remains of a bottle of white wine over them as they writhed on the carpet and knelt down and started licking their bodies as the wine dripped all over them. I'd never seen anything like it, and I wondered what everyone at the office would say if they knew what Angie and Deirdre got up to after hours.

I didn't have time to wonder for very long because the girl with the fishnet bodystocking came up behind me and said, "I saw the way you were eyeing up my pussy earlier. Do you like hairy women?" I didn't reply, but just pulled her towards me and pulled off her bodystocking. She guided my hand down to her snatch and said, "I'm so wet and horny for you. Lick me out." Of course, I'd had head before, but I'd never given it to another woman. I knelt down between the girl's legs and inhaled the musky smell of her juices. It sent me wild and I started to lick and tongue her cunt almost in a frenzy. My nose was buried into her dense curls and she was frantically fingering her clit as I brought her off.

As I knelt there I felt someone opening up my cunt lips from behind, and inserting what felt like an enormous dildo between my slippery lips. The sudden shock of being filled up like that made me gasp; it was lucky that just then the girl I was licking out came noisily, screaming and rubbing her nipples to make her orgasm last as long as possible. Taking my mouth away from her snatch, I looked behind me to see who was using the dildo on me.

It was the hostess Julie, her blonde hair swinging in front of her face as she shafted me with the false penis. All I could do was crouch there on all fours revelling in the sensation of being totally filled up. Julie was moving the dildo from side to side as well as in and out; I couldn't speak, I was so overcome with lust. In front of me, the girl I'd just licked out was being fingerfucked by two other women as she lay spreadeagled on the sofa. I lost control completely.

"Lick my boobs, somebody," I yelled, starting to knead and fondle them myself. "Suck my nipples!" Immediately two young brunettes, whose names I never did discover, came over and took a nipple each, sucking them back into their mouths and nibbling them teasingly. I was covered in different coloured lipstick, as Julie started to work the dildo faster and faster.

I felt my orgasm coming, and really let fly, yelling obscene things and shaking myself around frantically. I dread to think what I must have looked like when I think about it now, but at the time all I could feel was the most intense orgasm of my life. It centred on my cunt and rippled outwards through the whole of my body. I ground myself on to the dildo as hard as I could to get the maximum penetration as I finished coming.

After that I was too knackered to do anything but sit back and watch what everyone else was doing. No-one was left out, except one woman who was sitting to the side of the room slowly fingering herself as she watched what was going on around her. I felt a bit sorry for her, thinking she'd been too shy to join in, but then I saw that she was covered in more lipstick than I was, not to mention a couple of love bites and what looked like Vaseline. Anything goes, I thought.

Julie, having brought me off, was using the same dildo on herself, pushing it as far into her cunt as it would go. I couldn't believe the size of it when she withdrew it for a second; it was all of a foot long and as thick as my wrist, as well as being totally black. I could hardly credit that I'd had that in my cunt, or that it had felt so good either.

Julie was inserting it into her cunt again and this time she got it all the way up! She was writhing and shrieking as she did so, but she came hard and fast several times soon after as I watched, fascinated. The sight had got me wet again, and I fingered myself along my slit as I watched her coming.

By this time everyone's attention had turned to the lesbian show that Angie and Deirdre were putting on in the middle of the room. I'd never seen anything like it, as they caressed each other all over, kissing every part and fingering each other madly. Finally they collapsed in a wild 69 that had all of us cheering and masturbating.

The next day at work I asked them both if the lingerie parties always ended up like that. "Oh yes," Deirdre grinned at me. "But the best bit is if Julie's husband comes home unexpectedly. You'll have to come again in case he does." I can hardly wait! – *Brenda, Plymouth*

COMING IN club

RANDY MANDY'S HAND SHANDY

A WOMAN, ALONE FOR THE EVENING. A RAGING LOG FIRE (OK SO IT'S SUMMER, BUT WHO CARES?). SOFT MUSIC, SOFT LIGHTS, AND FUNNY DAMP SOFT BITS BETWEEN HER LEGS. WHAT DOES SHE GET UP TO? (CLUE: MANDY'S A VERY DIRTY GIRL.) SEE IT ALL IN NEXT MONTH'S EXTRA-NAUGHTY CLUB! ♣

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 9–ON SALE AUGUST 17th

IT'S FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD!

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 41

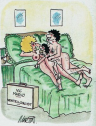
and enjoying climax after climax. That's one of the advantages of having a female lover! We lay in a 69 position for nearly an hour, kissing each other's pussy into ecstasy, until we had to come up for a break. I also posed for Rosetta in lacy underwear while she had a turn with the dildo. I'd never actually watched a girl doing it before, and the sight of the fat dildo pushing apart her reddened, wet cunt-lips, drawing out spurts of pussy-juice, made me come as I stroked my nipples for Rosetta.

I'll be visiting Rosetta regularly now – we just seem to know what the other wants, and both of us get turned on like hell at the sight of lovely girls posing in Club. – *Barbara, Bakewell*

Are You Being Served?

Apart from the thrills of seeing the stunning girls in Club, the features that also get me off are *In The Bag* and *Talkin' Blue*, especially when there are photos to match the stories, or pictures of the girls being written about (like the fantastic Michelle in Vol 18 No 4, who I unfortunately missed when she appeared before – but that one picture was enough to cream over).

I don't know if it's due to Club's sexy girls, but I find I get a hard-on very easily just looking at a fanciable young woman. This happened to me the other day when I was buying some jeans in a rather trendy shop. As I picked up the jeans I noticed a lovely assistant nearby, wearing a black mini skirt and a short red top – the type that was cut away beneath her bust, leaving a bare midriff and allowing her ample tits to lift the material up and away from her body, leaving room for hands to slip in and fondle those inviting mounds. I thought this girl must be wearing a bra, so firm was her bustline, but as she moved it was obvious her boobs were bouncing free just beneath that top.



Y'know, you spoil that bloody dummy, Vic!

When she happened to look at me she must have seen the outline of my hard prick in my jeans. She hesitated for a minute and then whispered: "Those old jeans look a bit uncomfortable; you'd better try those new ones on," and led me to a changing cubicle. I couldn't believe it when she squeezed into the tiny space with me. Her body was pressed right up against mine, and her hands immediately went to my flies and released my aching hard-on. As she slipped my trousers down and started toying with my cock, I put my hands up her top and held a firm, heavy tit in each hand. She smiled at me and asked, "Like them? I could see you ogling me, and I think your cock likes me too."

There was hardly any room in the cubicle but she knelt down and started sucking at my cock greedily. Fantastic as it was, though, I begged her to let me have her sumptuous, squashy tits again. She stood up and lifted her top up, revealing her magnificent breasts. I felt them and licked them, and all the time she carried on playing with my dick. Then she knelt down again, to suck me off, I thought, but instead she squeezed her hot tits around my thumping erection and with a few swift movements brought me off between her boobs. My come was running down her cleavage, and she picked up my new jeans and wiped it off.

Covering her tits up, she slipped out of the cubicle giggling, and to my amazement walked right out of the shop. She wasn't an assistant after all! By the time I'd got my jeans up she'd gone, leaving me with the embarrassing job of buying come-stained jeans, but with a very satisfied prick. – *Brian, Southport* ♣